THE COMMONWEAL

A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts, and Public Affairs.

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KEEP US SAFE FOR RELIGIOUS LIBERTY!

DR. HENRY VAN DYKE, a distinguished Presbyterian clergyman and author, has said in a letter written to a member of the Democratic national committee that there is "an anti-Catholic cabal" which is actively at work directing a widespread and obviously well-financed effort to defeat Governor Smith because he is a Catholic. This is not news to those who have been closely watching the course of the presidential campaign. Its importance lies in the fact that, in giving Dr. van Dyke's statement to the press, the Democratic national committee has recognized the seriousness of the religious issue and brought it out of the "whispering" phase into the open.

How far the papers and the persons who are opposing Governor Smith, both within his own party and in the other major party, because of his stand on prohibition, are also influenced by hatred or distrust of his religion, it is clearly impossible to know. That much of the opposition ostensibly based on prohibition is really motivated by religious prejudice, cannot reasonably be denied. The declaration of the Lutheran editors, whose papers reach two million readers, is plain proof of that fact. But it should not be doubted that, in many instances, indeed in a large number of instances, prohibition and not the religious reason is actually the decisive factor.

The Commonweal, therefore, feels it to be a duty again to say what over and over it already has said: that upon Catholics of both the Democratic and the Republican party there rests a grave responsibility to act in this great crisis as men and women of reason, not as puppets of prejudice or passion. They should not only be proud of the fact that their Church, for nearly two thousand years, has relied upon reason and not emotion to justify the doctrines divinely revealed, as they most truly believe, to it; but also as individuals or as groups they should guide their own conduct now by the rule of reason which, in the ultimate analysis, is also the rule of honor.

They cannot reasonably confound—and The Commonweal believes that they will not in fact confound—all forms of opposition to the man whose genius for government led him to the leadership of his party, with that undemocratic, unrepublican, un-American antagonism to him because of his Catholic religion manifested (up to this time) by only a small number of men of any public consequence, but mainly by furtive, cowardly, anonymous, unprincipled, avaricious scoundrels; workers in the darkness; poisoners of the wells of truth, who are flooding the entire country with millions of infamously false accusations and insinuations, not merely against the Governor of New York, but against

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every one of the twenty millions or more of American Catholic citizens.

They should and will remember that many thousands, probably millions, of Protestants do most truly (however mistakenly) regard prohibition as the "mighty and matchless reform" it was declared to be by the entire episcopate of the Methodist Episcopal Church South in 1922; and therefore are justified even in breaking their political party allegiance to uphold their moral conviction.

They should and will distinguish, as those mighty champions of human reason, their theologians and philosophers, have taught them to do, between those who are in good faith in their opposition, and those who are not. But against the latter they are justified in exerting every proper means to expose their iniquity, and to reveal to fair-minded Americans, of other religions, or of no professed religion, the extent and the evil consequences of their actions.

What *are* the proper means within the power of American Catholics to exert? The Commonweal cannot presume to speak for others than itself, but what it says for itself it believes to be representative of what most American Catholics will support. We offer, then, the following suggestions as to what we think Catholics may properly do in this emergency:

First, let us lay folk unite ourselves with the prayers daily being offered at our altars throughout the land by our bishops and priests, and by our religious orders and congregations of men and women, that the Holy Spirit of truth, of justice, of that love which we are bound to display for our enemies, may assist and direct all those who, in any way, are taking part in the mighty conflict now under way, to the end that no matter what the issue may be this nation may preserve the integral unity of its citizenry in the bonds of full and complete religious liberty under the law.

Secondly, bearing in mind that only those directing the anti-Catholic campaign are aware of the diabolical falsehood and baseness of the lies they are circulating, and that the ignorant people who believe the lies are as truly victims of fraud as children would be who were poisoned by food adulterators, it is not merely a duty of self-defense on the part of Catholics but a greater duty of charity and mercy to do what can be done to expose the lies and offer the antidote of truth.

Steps that might be taken to carry this suggestion into effect are these:

The immediate circulation through the mails, and by a house-to-house visitation, among non-Catholics, of the many pamphlets and leaflets already available which fully answer the lies now being broadcast, and explain Catholic doctrine and teaching concerning disputed points. We publish elsewhere a list of publishers and organizations issuing such literature. It is incomplete but will be added to as fuller information becomes available. The Commonweal itself is preparing new pamphlets and reprints of useful old matter, and in addition, is prepared to act as a clearing house to answer inquiries and assist its clients to obtain information or literature from other sources.

Thirdly, let us remember that it is not a new thing for the Catholic Church to be falsely accused and its doctrines misrepresented, or for the mistakes, crimes and sins of some of its members, even its leaders, to be attributed to it as its own (as if the treason of Benedict Arnold were to be used as a proof of the essential lack of honor of all Americans). Nor is it a new thing for its children to be obliged to engage in controversy. And controversy is a necessary thing; but it is a dangerous thing; it is a two-edged sword that often wounds the one who wields it, especially if personal anger, injured pride or ulterior motives sway or influence the controversialist. Here again the Church itself points out the true way, for in our own day, by honoring Cardinal Bellarmine with the high title of "the Blessed," and by appointing Saint Francis of Sales as patron of the press, it gave us all the models we should follow—controversialists among the greatest, who never lost their tempers, who distinguished between liars and opponents acting in good faith, however ignorantly, and who were concerned that truth should be known rather than that this or that person, or party, or interest, or nation, should, as such, prevail above another.

Finally, Catholics should and doubtless will remember that thousands of men and women not of their faith, but deeply concerned for the honor, the good fame and the permanent internal peace of their nation —first among all nations to try the great and noble experiment of religious liberty—are making themselves heard publicly and privately against bigotry and prejudice. Governor Fuller of Massachusetts, a Republican, is the most conspicuous recent proof of this highly encouraging fact. Millions will join them when those millions realize the peril of the hour. It is indeed upon leading and representative non-Catholics, perhaps, that the greatest responsibility rests. Governor Smith's defeat at the polls, should that occur, will not, as it should not, be accepted as a proof that Catholics are by an unwritten law to be denied equality of political opportunity in the United States, if truly representative non-Catholic patriots clearly and unequivocally demonstrate that the mass of non-Catholic Americans repudiate and condemn the sinister anti-Catholic cabal which Dr. van Dyke truthfully describes; which is being heavily financed from unknown sources, and which is poisoning millions of pathetically ignorant minds, and inflaming them with passions which cannot possibly injure the true interests of the Catholic Church (which has survived so many of such storms) but which is bound grievously to afflict the nation with internal dissensions for generations to come, should (which God and our common sense forbid!) the black gang of profiteers in prejudice seem to have won a victory.

Let all sensible people unite to keep the nation safe for religious liberty.

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WEEK BY WEEK

WISCONSIN voters have made an interesting decision. A three-cornered race for the position of governor on the Republican ticket has been won by a man whom the Progressive authorities had outlawed, even while "young Bob" was being warmly endorsed for another six years in the Senate. Mr. Walter J. Kohler, who has built up a tremendous commerce in tinted porcelain, offered his fellow-citizens a rule that would be business-like and kindly toward industries wishing to invade the Badger countryside. The Progressive organization could think of no more formidable protagonist than Mr. James Beck, who discoursed fluently about national affairs but reassured neither the taxpayer nor the thoughtful citizen. As a result one great blow has been struck at La Follette-Blaine domination. This is more than slightly astonishing, but deserved. One hopes that what is termed the "Madison machine" will accept the lesson involved and see the folly of trying to use the primary system (which the great "Bob" struggled so hard to introduce) as a convenient method of political control. What effect the jolt will have upon the national elections is a query as difficult to answer as it is interesting. It may be that "young Bob" will try to regularize his Republicanism, or it may be that he will stand forth bravely as an individual, perennially scornful of Kansas City and inclined to smile upon the new Democracy. Again it may be that Wisconsin voters will heed him not at all. These matters, like so much of the present campaign embroglio, afford an enchanting substitute for the cross-word puzzle.

CATHOLICS have made stirring and profoundly moving contributions to the history of Australia. There were, first of all, the Irish peasant convicts who had been banished to this far-off continent "without trial, without color of legality," to use the words of Lecky. To their memory various English prelates have paid the highest tributes. We need to remember them as heroic men who lived through every kind of persecution and privation without suffering the light to be dimmed in their hearts. Freedom of worship was unheard of in pioneer Australia, and it was not until the new continent transcended the status of a convict colony that the rights of conscience were officially respected. Today the Church is well established; and although Catholics are merely a fraction of the total population, there is no doubting either their fidelity or their numberless good works. We do not pay half enough attention to this great Pacific commonwealth, for reasons among which distance is probably the most important. This year's Eucharistic Congress in Sydney will therefore serve a dual purpose: in the first place it will impress all Australia with the value and beauty of belief in the Body and Blood of Our Lord; in the second place, it will enkindle in us who remain at home, a new realization of that universality which, from time immemorial, has been a mark of the Communion of Saints.

THE Congress was opened with a "prelude" on September 5, against a colorful and appropriate background. A host of pilgrims from Europe and the Americas, from Africa and the Orient, had assembled for the inaugural ceremonies. Cardinal Bonaventura Ceretti, the papal delegate, brought the official message from the Holy See, which outlined the theme that those present were asked to bear especially in mind. This—the association of the worship of the Blessed Sacrament with the homage due the Mother of God—is in every way a subject meriting constant meditation. It has been the spiritual food of saints, and no doubt, it often came to the minds of those poor Australian outcasts who had been banished forever from their homes. Part of the significance of a Eucharistic Congress lies in the fact that those who cannot go to the scene in person will do their best to follow it from afar. Thereby is the round world brought to think of the Infinite Sacrifice whereby the Master gave it hope of life, abounding and eternal. But obviously it has particular sacredness for Australians themselves, who regard these days as rich with glory and holy joy.

PRESIDENT GREEN'S Labor Day address is likely to be kept in the files of everybody who makes a point of being interested in social economics. It crowds a great deal of information into a compact picture, and displays a keen and enthusiastic intelligence. Mr. Green noted the change in American industrial theory from the view that labor figures only on the payroll to the conviction that it is an indispen-

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sable merchandising factor. How queer it seems that thirty years ago nobody stopped to consider that the wage envelope is transformed into dry goods, notions and auto accessories. Organized labor struggled hard to make the point, but when capital itself suddenly proclaimed it the thing looked like a discovery. On the other hand, workers' organizations have come to realize that restricting output means tying a noose around business. "Produce and prosper" is the contemporary motto; and the saving effected in production can be deflected into the pay teller's hands. One grave danger is, of course, involved. There may come a time when the mechanistic improvements introduced to better production will involve laying off men. This menace, so feared by European workers, explains their recourse to what is virtually constant sabotage.

MR. GREEN reminded his hearers that inside the United States new industries have sprung up so rapidly that men supplanted in one field could find employment in another. Recent unemployment, however, is sufficient proof that this method of readjustment is not adequate. Labor therefore believes that the community ought to take a share in the control of economic activity. The American Federation, Mr. Green declared, "has suggested a plan and has urged not only the government but also the two political parties to accept it. The plan provides that the government shall make available appropriations for public improvements and buildings, with the provision that the work shall be carried on immediately when unemployment forces itself upon a large number of our citizens. If this course is followed the slack of unemployment will be taken up, men who would otherwise be out of work can be provided for and the buying power of the people can be steadily increased." This idea, practically the same as that advocated in 1922 by the Harding conference on unemployment, is simple and practical. Nor is anybody likely to complain of "paternalism" here, especially since the American Federation of Labor has reinforced its decision not to eat political pie.

IN AN excellent speech about political arguments made in the guise of sermons, Senator Tydings points out the unfairness of such a mode of attack. The clergyman making it "knows the person he attacks cannot reply. He knows that in the sacred precincts of either a Jewish synagogue, a Catholic cathedral or a Baptist tabernacle, all he may say, true or untrue, justifiable or slanderous, is said where no answering voice can be raised." So far as is known, however, no political sermons have been delivered in this campaign by any Jewish rabbi, and that kind of thing is frowned upon by Catholic priests. If any Episcopalian or Lutheran minister has made a political speech in his pulpit, the fact has not been reported. No Unitarian or Universalist minister is so recorded, and Dr. Dieffenbach, who did not speak from the pulpit, has awakened no echo of approval from his fellow-Unitarians. Pulpit stump-speaking is not, as Senator Tydings seems to imply—though he does not intend the implication—a vice common to all pulpits; it is strictly limited to a few sects, though those sects are certainly among the largest and strongest.

THE National Lutheran Editors' Association has adopted a resolution against the election of a Catholic to the Presidency. The resolution says that the allegiance such a man owes to his Church "may severely clash with the best interests of our country." It "may"; it never has, but it "may." Thus, some Lutheran editors' association ninety years ago might have viewed with alarm the appointment of Chief Justice Taney, because his allegiance to his Church "may severely clash," some time or other, with the interests of his country. So, a few years ago, the Lutheran editors might have warned their readers about what "may" happen if Edward Douglass White becomes head of one of the three coördinate branches of the American government. So might they have been terrified when Sheridan was made Lieutenant General of the United States Army. And so, five times in the last ten years, they might have warned their doubtless faithful constituency about how Alfred E. Smith, if elected Governor of New York, "may" find his faith "clashing severely" with his oath of office. A strange office, the Presidency; it seems to be the only one which ever attracts the attention of the careless plotters in Rome, so blind are they to their opportunities.

HUMAN nature is after all the core of international habits. The present writer has just noticed, at a typical city post-office station, a poorly dressed peon sending off a money-order to his family in Mexico. This man had saved twenty dollars from his little wage and was industriously making it serve a worthy purpose. The fact that a medal of the Blessed Virgin came out of his pocket with the carefully hoarded bills only makes this instance more representative of what is happening every day. We must help solve the Mexican problem in a way which will render possible coöperation with just this type of citizen. Our attempts may not succeed immediately; but the duty of repeating them, as unselfishly as we can, is one of the most sovereign obligations that has ever rested upon the shoulders of the American public.

IT IS always a pleasure to record another convention of the Central Verein. This earnest and virile organization, more alive now than ever before, has a way of settling down to business and pleasure at the same time which must surely be envied by other groups. An unprecedented crowd gathered at St. Cloud, Minnesota, for a program which stressed discussion of social and economic questions. To these the Verein has always devoted a great deal of careful study, supplemented by active work in the field. Agricultural prob-

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lems naturally came in for a goodly amount of attention this year, but such matters as the injudicious use of the injunction in labor disputes were not overlooked. In short the whole plan of "Solidarismus," which is the name given to the social policy advocated by Catholic Germany, was once more endorsed and brought to the memory of those present. Guests of eminence, including the apostolic delegate to the United States, attended the convention and addressed the delegates. We were sorry to note that Mr. Charles Korz, whose good work has been so evident during recent years, resigned the presidency, but feel sure that his successor will carry on admirably. The Verein deserves the support of all German-American Catholics and the affectionate respect of everyone else.

LOUVAIN UNIVERSITY, associated so illustriously with all the high interests of Christian civilization, has recently been the arena for the discussion of one of the most important subjects of all the many that are given unity, direction, inspiration and purpose by the Catholic Church. It was the sixth annual "Missionology Week," as the conference is termed by Agentia Fides, the new, highly specialized news service with its headquarters in the Palazzo di Propaganda Fides, in Rome—which in itself is a fresh proof, if any more were needed, of the resurgent energy of Catholicism in our times. Something of the technical efficiency of practical science is being added to the age-old enthusiasm and devotion of Catholic missioners by means of these annual conferences of leaders of mission work from all parts of the world. More than three hundred were at Louvain in August, practically every race and nation being represented.

A NATIVE of Dahomey, speaking perfect French, warmly extolled the spiritual capacity of his own people, defending them against the sensational view of them spread by romantic colonial novels and films. As the speaker himself is a seminarian, and doubtless soon will take holy orders, no better proof of his thesis—and of the uplifting work of the Faith—could be offered. The beneficial influence of Chinese art, as adapted to the teaching of the catechism—and many learned essays on the theology of the Koran and problems of the apostolate in Africa, Asia, China, India, in several cases delivered by priests native to the countries of which they discoursed, indicate how closely the program followed the general theme, which was "the soul of the people to be evangelized." Fides Service is doing most useful work in calling attention to the special work of the missions.

POETS are still the sap of life, but for them the act of rising is attended with obvious difficulties. Mr. Joseph Auslander recently concluded a very unfavorable review of magazine verse with the pronouncement that "the only chance for the poet today is to write novels." Being considerably interested in the publication of poetic efforts ourselves, we are almost inclined to concur. There is certainly no dearth of writers, many of whom manifest exceptional promise. Yet a full flowering of the gift is nearly impossible, for the reason that writing, in all but the briefer lyric forms, must be frowned upon, however reluctantly, by the editor. It is as if Shakespeare had been compelled to do nothing but sonnets, or Shelley forced to burn everything more extended than The Skylark. From the editorial point of view, even short poems are a hindrance rather than an advantage. Few people, so far as we are able to judge, buy a magazine because of a page of lyrics. One really fosters this sort of thing in something like a mood of pure benevolence. If only the poets themselves would realize that they have it in their power to advertise—even promote the sale of—journals which print and pay for verse, some improvement might be expected. But as things are, one bard appears to feel that the mere circumstance that another's rhyme has been printed endows it with unspeakable faults. Seriously speaking, it is high time some poets joined the Rotary!

NOW that the grand march toward school has been resumed, it is well that at least some among the trampers should know precisely what they are about. Statements of the ideals in view are needed. Even more advantageous is a definite understanding of what must be expected of individuals—teachers no less than pupils or students of diverse kinds. One college, we are happy to relate, has taken steps to remove doubt from everyone's mind. A Teresan Ideal in Service and System is the title of a neat little book published by the College of Saint Teresa, Winona, Minnesota, "for the members of the faculty." No doubt there will be a much wider audience, since the volume, though spare and logical, outlines a complete educational system. Open it and you have the whole carte du jour of a modern convent school that has sacrificed no single one of the old-time aspirations. From the maxim, "There is not a single student in the institution who does not know what she is going to do," down to the regulation that all shades in class rooms must be "drawn evenly to the middle sash of the windows," not a detail is missing. One may be amazed at the definiteness here manifested, but it is imperative that we bear in mind the importance of good habits and the truth that no such habits are instilled by vague and inchoate "ideals" but only by diligent fidelity to the rules of the game. The boundary line between drill and disarray is often microscopic.

MASTER WALTON required every fisherman to be a worthy baker of his catch. How to get a pike on the hook was, to his mind, no whit more important than how to get him off the spit. We moderns have been realizing more and more fully the connection between all the professions and gastronomics. The significance of breakfast to an author, or of dinner to the tired

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broker, is appreciated. Singularly enough the medical profession has hitherto remained aloof from the kitchen. Though it prescribes for the whole alimentary canal, it has apparently lived in ignorance of even so simple a matter as a flapjack. This situation is now to be remedied in the case of medical students at Johns Hopkins, who will be trained to become both physicians and cooks. We may expect the medicos of the future to explain just how vegetables should be stirred into the soup. The concession to dietetics is, from a technical point of view, notable. Many a layman has been tempted to believe much of the talk about vitamins and carbohydrates a bit grotesque. It has, however, helped us to get better and more vigorously cooked food. Perhaps the effect of the new medical interest in the subject will likewise be to make Brillat-Savarin more popular.

TO MANY readers of this paper who heard his sermons preached in the church of Our Lady of Lourdes in New York during the Lent of 1922 and the Advent of 1925, the appointment of the Reverend Richard Downey, D. D., to the metropolitan see of Liverpool in England will be a pleasant piece of news, for no one can have come in contact with that most genial of men and most interesting of preachers without being attracted by his personality. Dr. Downey is a man of reputation in the philosophical world but he is best known in England perhaps as one of that chosen band of priests which year after year goes out into the neglected country districts with a motor chapel, a movement which has resulted in the foundation of many new churches in places where the Catholic message has not been heard since the Reformation. The new archbishop is only forty-seven years old, so his people may look forward to a long and active episcopate.

THE Philadelphia crusade against speakeasies must seem to a few eminent Americans extraordinarily funny. What must be the feelings of General Smedley Butler or of former mayor Dever when they overhear the city's chief magistrate order the police to distribute 13,000 padlocks in a day? It is as if, following the efforts of Foch, Petain and Mangin along the front from Verdun to the sea, the French war office had issued a proclamation that the Germans must be returned to Berlin that afternoon. Every speakeasy means, even at ebb-tide, 100 customers, so that the enemy in Philadelphia is about 1,300,000 thirsts. Von Hindenburg himself would have been proud of an army that strong, and even he never possessed soldiers sturdier or harder to kill than these Philadelphian hankerings. Anyhow the twenty-four hours assigned have gone by; and so far as we can see the great offensive has been postponed indefinitely. One fact of importance is worth remembering: the total number of speakeasies is larger than the total number of licensed saloons ever was. So much for the legislative dryer!

IS MEXICO CHANGING?

PRESIDENT CALLES has delivered an address. If this means what it says, he will never in the future be the chief executive of Mexico. Such an announcement must be received everywhere with frank rejoicing. He has symbolized military dictatorship, crude revolutionary action and brutal hostility to religion in all its forms. While the retirement of such a man does not by any means signify peace for the Church, it at least removes one impediment to that peace. And even those who consider the spiritual mission of priests and sisters of no great importance have every reason for being glad that the general who overrode the constitutional liberties and rights of his people has now toppled into an inactivity which leaves the possibility for reconstruction less remote. One fancies that Secretary Morrow has done a good bit of persuasion and that he can be relied upon to accomplish as much more as lies within the scope of United States prestige.

The last official acts of Calles have merely added to his reputation. A series of attempts to fasten the blame for the assassination of Obregon upon prominent Catholics were lumbering and criminal blunders. Neither Mexico nor, excepting momentarily, even the shrewd gentlemen in our own press-boxes, tumbled for the bait. Political orators shouted the truth from every platform, and the petty trial of Mother Concepcion has ended as comically as a lurid melodrama. When the "star witnesses" confronted the woman they had accused (for reasons it would be useless to speculate about) all testified to her innocence and were covered with confusion. The bottom has now fallen out of the whole absurd campaign of vilification, and the Obregon murder has become only another "incident" in a dark political history. That the conduct of all Catholics has not been exemplary goes without saying. We have particularly regretted a weakness to which some commentators have succumbed—the weakness of using the Mexican scene as an excuse for airing racial prejudices.

Mexican Catholics have presented to the Senate of their country a petition incorporating a new modus vivendi between Church and state. It merely reiterates the pronouncements of the Mexican hierarchy in a memorial written two years ago, and is in essence a plea for conditions like those long since established in the United States. Separation between the civil and ecclesiastical powers is posited as a principle; the right of parents to give their children a private religious education is demanded; freedom of religious worship and immunity from persecution for religious reasons are upheld; and the legitimacy of ecclesiastical property, if held under certain wise conditions, is emphasized. All these matters will seem rudimentary to the average American citizen, but in Mexico they are annulled by the existing constitution. This, in turn, cannot be altered in a day, so that anything like an

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immediate settlement of the trouble cannot be expected. As a matter of fact, we are already informed that the petition will be tabled.

Prophecy is out of place at such moments. Millions of people in all parts of the world have prayed for the passing of the bitter chalice from Mexico. Diplomacy, informative literature and righteous indignation did their part. The dismal brutality has nevertheless continued, benefiting nobody and scarring the lives of tens of thousands. It is inconceivable that light should not come eventually; and perhaps we are now witnessing the first rays of dawn.

WEEK-END BLISS

MINGLED feelings struggle in one's bosom after a particularly triumphant week-end like that afforded by Labor Day. There is, to begin with, the happy thought that millions of folk have escaped eight hours of toil. The total amount of unapplied energy is, therefore, startling and gives rise to the pleasant reflection that the world is now less far advanced than it would have been—and that there is ever so much left for us to do. In addition the spiritual distress occasioned by the idea that many conceive of spinning and weaving as matters of the greatest importance (and literary spinning is here included) is alleviated at beholding the alacrity with which the citizenry buys gas and sets out. It may be that if this going forth were grasped as a symbol of the final departure from all things earthly the soul's improvement would be more vast; but why introduce such moods into the discussion of a holiday?

More immediately impressive is the news that "more than a million Americans" crossed the border into Canada "for Labor Day." By comparison with such an assault, the illustrious taxicabs of the Marne are as naught. Close your eyes and you can see the endless line of Hudsons and Buicks, Rolls-Royces and Chandlers, Fords and Whippets, plunging resolutely across the international bridges. Knowledge of how widely modern means of transportation have been distributed breeds contentment. A nation at the wheel! A great republic whose slogan has become "beauty and performance!" Here is enough to inspire conservative political oratory for ages to come. Go to Windsor and overhear the vast, Whitmanesque heartbeat. Can't you imagine dear old Walt stringing the traffic signals and the honks into a magnificent song about wheels? Grant that thousands enjoyed quiet camping places in Pennsylvania or at innumerable beaches, or that there were ever so many touching family reunions at which the latest addition to mother's darlings wriggled his toes for the delight of grandpa. Concede that sundry Labor Day messages were pondered by the studious. The fact remains that America, like its favorite poet of yore, stood at the bridge at midnight.

Now we are not disposed to belittle the Canadian scene. Be it said in all charity, however, that neither the landscape nor the towns (excepting quaint old Quebec) are comparable with our own. The road across Ontario is frightfully drab when contrasted with a Pocono pike or the fringes of California concrete. Nothing about the dominion, excepting a few French customs, is at all exotic; and when it comes to athletic contests, Babe Ruth outshines everything north of the St. Lawrence. What the Labor Day pilgrimage sought was a drink. This formula is so simple and categorical —and to several among our friends so shocking—that it arrests the mind. Let us hasten to say that the well-known thirst for beverages has nothing to do with it. The subject for meditation is human nature.

The countless proposals for uplifting the Americas normally lack one quality. They are drawn up as if the people for whom they were intended belonged to another race. At the opposite pole to such ideology is modern business—a chef who employs the same old "human" recipe day in and day out. Small wonder that the business should succeed to the point of rendering all our dreams of automobiles very real, while the ideology should fail to influence even its apostles. If mankind had never heard of alcohol there would be no sense of dearth, just as our ancestors lived happily in their total unawareness of motor cars. Religion itself faded out of the infant United States when people stopped talking about it because so many of the clergy had stood with King George; and it began to be popular again when Whitefield and his associates refused to leave it out of the conversation even momentarily. Alcohol was gradually disappearing because nobody wished to give the impression that he was in the habit of imbibing. It is now a magnet for the reason that everybody wants you to understand he has not gone dry on a holiday.

Greatest of the errors attributable to Volsteadism is that it did not muzzle the press. Had the revisers of the constitution provided for the relief of newspaper men, writers and editors, on the condition that these maintain silence, Canadian ale shops would long since have been driven to the wall. The myriad editorials on the subject (of which this is only another) are so fervent, stirring and effective only because the writers are voicing their own grievances. Nobody wants to impress upon the Kansas schoolmaster the delights of good wine. Nobody cares whether Mrs. Grundy knows the difference between a cocktail and a bock. What everyone is after is inspiration. And in order that this may be forthcoming, the banished ecstasy has been so prodigally advertised that whole holidays are now dedicated to pursuit of it. Thus once again has the literary profession justified its perennial concern with the nature of man. Meanwhile, however, it is a little saddening to recall that no citizen has less of leisure, cash, gas and familiarity with the Canadian scene, than the writer. Once again, as upon many very similar occasions, it is the "cause" which cheers and comforts him.

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SMITH AND THE SOUTH

I. THE GEORGIA CROSS-SECTION

By ARTHUR KIMBALL WALKER

THE South is Democratic. The South is Protestant, rural and dry. The Democratic nominee is Catholic, urban and wet. A survey of the newspapers in the heart of the South since the Houston gathering reveals a deep-seated conviction in editorial circles that the South will still be Democratic in November, although perhaps by reduced majorities.

A United States senator, representing himself as the spokesman for the South, insisted that the rank and file of the people of his section were with him in his opposition to a then probable Catholic nominee. The Charlotte (North Carolina) News asserted: "The rank may be with him, but not the file." The News apparently was correct. Expressed opposition to Governor Smith because of his religion is confined in the South largely to the element which circulates or believes such arguments as the "fake oath" of the Knights of Columbus. The principal exceptions are among the Protestant ministry and ultra-prohibitionists.

The situation in Georgia is illuminating on this point. There are about two hundred newspapers in the state. Those which are admittedly opposing Governor Smith because of his religion may be counted on one's fingers, and ministers edit some of them.

In the file of the party, the principal opposition to the nominee comes from the Protestant clergy. The official organs of the Methodist and the Baptist Churches in Georgia have declared against him, principally because of his prohibition views and partly, frankly, because of his religion. Four of the twelve Methodist bishops of the South have issued an appeal against him, and anti-Smith declarations from pulpits are common occurrences. These have brought sharp reactions, not only from the laity of these churches but from the clergy as well. Two Southern bishops of the Methodist Church have publicly criticized such degrading of the pulpit to the level of a political platform. The president of the Georgia Baptist Conference has been equally outspoken. A minister in a letter of protest to the Baptist organ in Georgia expresses his intention of voting for the Democratic nominee whether the editor likes it or not.

In addition to the newspapers admittedly opposed to Governor Smith because of his religion, there are others which assert they cannot support him because of his views on prohibition. In most cases his Tammany connections and other minor arguments are advanced. That all are sincere is improbable, but the fact that those which are not feel it advisable to disguise their motive is significant. That all are insincere is impossible.

The Commerce (Georgia) News, for instance, which some time ago severely criticized the editor of the Wesleyan Christian Advocate for his statement that "no Catholic may ever be President of the United States" and which asserts that even if a Catholic were to misuse this high office for religious reasons "it would result in great damage to his Church," based its opposition on Mr. Smith's liquor views. "Al Smith will not change his views between now and election day, and we will not change ours," says this Methodist layman. Mr. Hoover is, for other reasons, no more acceptable to him, and he "sees no hope in a third party. What, then, stay at home or go fishing? Maybe so."

The Cartersville (Georgia) Tribune-News, whose editor was one of the most outspoken foes of the Klan in its days in clover, is opposed to Governor Smith. So is the Carroll County Times, which credits Senator Heflin with his nomination, the Rome News-Tribune and perhaps half a dozen other Georgia newspapers not given to publishing anti-Catholic propaganda. Thus, out of about two hundred newspapers in Georgia, there are perhaps not more than a score, including frankly anti-Catholic publications, which have expressed opposition to Governor Smith. There are but three dailies among them; most of them are weeklies the majority of which, measured by the rule of the influence they exert, would be found in the cellar division of the Georgia press league.

All who are bolting the Democratic party because of the nomination of Governor Smith cannot logically or in justice be accused of bigotry. But Protestants who support the ticket reveal themselves, it would seem, as free at least from that extreme type of bigotry which sees in a Catholic President a menace to the nation. This is especially true because of the impression prevalent in the South that it would get more attention and consideration in Washington if its political complexion were not so unvarying. For this reason a distinguished Georgia member of the bar, for a generation a superior court judge, declares: "I would like to see the South go Republican—once." "But," he adds, "not on this year's issues."

In the entire South east of the Mississippi River not one Democratic leader of national reputation has bolted the party. Even the senior senator from Alabama is silent. The Klan governor of Alabama has declared that he will support Smith. In Georgia every candidate for state office has announced that he will support the ticket. Senator George, Georgia's favorite son, Congressman Crisp, who nominated him at Houston, Senator Harris, former Senator Hoke Smith,

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Secretary of the Interior in President Cleveland's Cabinet, and others equally notable have vigorously expressed their intention of standing by the nominees from top to bottom. The only conspicuous bolter is former Congressman Upshaw, a Baptist minister and prohibition lecturer, who is a candidate for the congressional seat he lost in a three-cornered race two years ago.

The Atlanta Journal was the leader of the Georgia anti-Smith forces before the convention and of the McAdoo forces four years ago. The verdict at Houston, said the Journal in a lengthy editorial pledging its support to the party's nominee,

> was incontestable from the moment the roll of states was called. Having entered the field and having fought to a finish, we could not refuse to abide by the decision without recreance to the party.

And further, it urges:

> Let us cease troubling over fancied ills and for the good and honor of the commonwealth unitedly face those which would befall in dead earnest should our southern Democracy go down in defeat.

The Atlanta Constitution sees the Democratic party this year "before the American public in the strongest position, in many respects, it has held in a presidential year in a quarter of a century" and believes "there is no indication of any serious deflection." The Atlanta Georgian, a Hearst paper, in a signed article by its editor, Colonel James B. Nevin, cites as an indication of the trend of political opinion in this section the fact that of the fifty-six men and women who composed the Georgia delegation to the Houston convention and fought the candidacy of Governor Smith there, only two

> have announced a determination to bolt the party; considerably more than half of them have announced their determination to support the nominee actively and aggressively.

The Smith opponents in the South have no leader who could rally them, Colonel Nevin thinks.

The Savannah Press, published by Pleasant A. Stovall, minister to Switzerland in the Wilson administration, does not see "how there can be any logical talk of a bolt over a nomination so regular and so overwhelming, and we do not believe there will be any." The Macon Telegraph, which has long been an admirer of Governor Smith, believes that:

> Far from losing the South, it is likely that Smith will receive the largest vote any candidate has ever received in the South, for the very simple reason that his election will draw more voters than any previous election.

The Democratic nominee perhaps has no more ardent supporter than the Columbus Enquirer-Sun, edited by Julian Harris, son of Joel Chandler Harris. For months before the Democratic convention the Enquirer-Sun carried the name of Alfred E. Smith at its masthead as its candidate for the Presidency, and its numerous forceful, comprehensive and fearless editorials supporting its stand will, with those of the Telegraph, stand comparison with any similar series on the subject in the metropolitan press.

There is a disposition among the opponents of Governor Smith to discount what the newspapers in the larger cities of Georgia, which is a cross-section of the South, say in favor of him; there are whisperings of "Tammany money" and "Catholic control" in an effort to explain them away. But most of the advocates of Governor Smith are in the smaller cities of the state.

The Albany Herald is one of Georgia's most zealous supporters of prohibition. But

> We never relish playing a game—athletic, business or political—in which the rule is: "If I win I'll play; if I lose I'll quit." It isn't our idea of good sportsmanship, and it certainly isn't our idea of how as democratic an organization as the Democratic party should function.... The Democratic party goes on, and far beyond 1928. We propose to go with it.

The Americus Times Recorder, urging uncompromising support of the ticket, thinks that "deep down in the bottom of the hearts of most of Governor Smith's opponents lies the religious issue" and that the situation is dangerous even personally to Governor Smith:

> In many of the Protestant churches preachers and bishops have by their words started the powder trail. A few newspapers are equally culpable.

The Valdosta Times sees in Governor Smith a new Jefferson, a new Jackson, a new Tilden, a new Cleveland, a new Wilson:

> Here indeed is the leader of the new Democracy, victor over the forces of intolerance and religious bigotry. The Democracy of this state does not bow to his leadership, but welcomes it.

The Georgia Weekly Review, whose editor is at least as well informed as any man in the state on the trend of public opinion as reflected in the press, asserts that "the South always guarantees the Democratic nominee 112 votes-up, and this year will be no exception." In a letter to the Atlanta Constitution, the editor of the Review takes exception to the statement of the Christian Index (Baptist) that the majority of the weekly newspapers of the state are against Governor Smith:

> This wild claim should not be allowed to go unchallenged. Of the two hundred weekly newspapers published in Georgia, fewer than fifteen have expressed their intention of not supporting the Democratic nominee, which number does not constitute a majority of two hundred.

The dry Sandersville Progress asserts that

> The destiny of our country does not hinge on the national prohibition law, as there are other interests to which

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> the Democratic party is pledged which are more important to the welfare and prosperity of the people,

and it places itself in the Smith ranks. The Dawson News takes the position that

> Governor Smith need not worry about the Solid South. He will carry it lock, stock and barrel, just as Democratic candidates for the Presidency have done for three generations.

The Fitzgerald Herald believes that

> Georgia will probably stay within the party lines with Smith as a nominee, but the nomination of the New York Governor will undoubtedly help to obliterate party lines in Georgia as well as throughout the nation.

The quaint Dahlonega Nugget, published in the mountains by an editor who never writes his matter but sets it directly by hand, tells of a South Georgia sheriff who, asked if he was going to vote against Smith, said:

> I would not have voted for him in the convention if the devil had been running against him, but if the party that saved me and saved my people and my section nominated him, damned if I ain't going to vote for him.

The Villa Rica Breeze announced it would "vote for the man the Democratic majority nominated at Houston, be he bishop, leader or Pope."

> It is incredible that any man should be ostracized because of his religious belief or that any Protestant should take the position that a Catholic is unworthy of public office,

says the Monroe Tribune in endorsing the ticket of "Al and Joe." The Folkston Progress, in an editorial pledging vigorous support to the nominees, likewise deplores religious prejudice; and the Lawrenceville Herald comments in similar vein. The Quitman Free Press says that

> If America means anything it means freedom of thought and the everlasting privilege of worshiping God according to the dictates of conscience . . . [and the Free Press] will support the Democratic nominee because of its own conviction and interpretation of principle.

The Pelham Journal "would rather Smith were a Primitive, Missionary or Methodist," but

> He'll get our vote for President if we happen to be living and qualified, and the sputtering of Republicans who drop by to tell us what an awful brute he is will not change us one whit.

The Montezuma Georgian, which "loves backbone," complains that "some people are opposing Al Smith because they say he is a wet, when the real reason is that he is a Catholic." "Smoke screens and camouflage" is the way the Louisville News and Farmer characterizes arguments against Smith like his religion and his prohibition views. The Brunswick Pilot declares that it

> would rather see an honest Catholic, an outspoken opponent to prohibition, a successful son of Tammany Hall, in the White House than to see our government continued in the hands of Protestant plunderers, college-bred crooks or hypocrites on the prohibition question,

and its contemporary in the same city, the News, is also now aggressively pro-Smith.

The Crawfordsville Advocate-Democrat asserts:

> We care not what others may do, but as for us we'll not forsake the party now, even though the nominee was not our choice,

a thought reflected by the Calhoun Times in a county which went Republican in 1912 and 1916. The Valdosta Times, one of Governor's Smith's most enthusiastic pre-convention supporters, a position it shared with the Columbus Enquirer-Sun, Dalton Citizen, Greensboro Herald-Journal and several other Georgia papers, remarks:

> If two Catholic bishops were to call a convention of churchmen to meet in some city in the South to try to organize a political movement to bolster the cause of some candidate or array themselves against another, we would never hear the end of it. There would be a howl about churches and the state that would make the rafters rattle.

Governor Smith's list of appointees during his terms as New York's chief executive, indicating, according to an editorial in the Macon Telegraph, that he has tendered official appointments to sixty-four Protestants, twenty-nine Catholics and nine Jews, have been quoted by such papers as the Hoschton News, Clayton Tribune, Crawfordsville Democrat, Greensboro Herald-Journal, Swainsboro Forest-Blade and numerous others.

"Just to remind you, the Herald-Journal came out for Governor Smith over two years ago," says the Greensboro paper of that name, and the Dalton Citizen, another old advocate of the Governor, observes,

> Two or three daily papers in Georgia have bolted. Perhaps a half-dozen weeklies will do the same. Everybody out of step except them.

The Dalton News also discountenances bolting, and the Madison Madisonian asserts that

> It is not clear to us what the so-called drys hope to gain by going over to Hoover, who regards the prohibition law only as an experiment.

The editor of the Douglas Enterprise,

> who is neither a Catholic nor a wet, believes the Democrats have nominated the strongest man in the party as their candidate. We have no patience with the bolter, and if a man cannot support the nominee of his party he has no business belonging to that party.

The Waycross Journal-Herald also frowns on those who would support all Democrats but the head of the ticket; "there is no way an elector can be both a Republican and a Democrat at the same time," it asserts,

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or support a Republican after participating in a Democratic convention. It sees Bishop Cannon and Reverend Dr. Barton, Methodist and Baptist respectively,

> planning, it would seem, to bolt the Methodist Church, the Baptist Church, the temperate policy, a moral adherence to one's obligation, as well as the Democratic party. This entitles them to rank as champion bolters.

> The old guard will be true and faithful to the party that stood by them in Reconstruction days, and the younger ones, conscious of the faith of the fathers and the trials through which they went, will be true in this hour,

says the Adel News. The Millen News, which is actively supporting Governor Smith, declares:

> We can imagine conditions under which we might not vote for the nominee of the Democratic party but under no condition would we vote for a Republican. . . . Very few Democrats are going over to the enemy.

And the outspoken pro-Smith Athens Banner-Herald asserts that the trend of editorial comment in its congressional district indicates that the newspapers there will support the Democratic nominee, who "is entitled to the votes and support of all loyal Democrats."

There is little criticism of Tammany Hall in the Georgia press now; the services of Tammany men to the South in Reconstruction days are being recalled, and numerous papers have carried from the Madison Madisonian the comment that

> It seems, after all, that the Tammanyites were just about the best behaved delegates at the Houston convention. It remained for the bad boys from Georgia to stage a scene which required the services of a policeman.

The fact that the Republican national committeeman from Georgia is a Negro and a successor of Negroes in that position and that Republican affairs in this state have been largely in the hands of Negroes is responsible for much of the party regularity in this state, but not for all of it. The most influential newspapers and Democratic leaders are discouraging efforts to make the racial question an issue in the campaign, but it bobs up inevitably now and then.

Most Georgia newspapers were opposed to Governor Smith before the Houston convention. Most Georgia newspapers have changed since. Several weeks ago, for instance, the Swainsboro Forest-Blade declared editorially:

> We care nothing about the wetness or dryness of Mr. Smith, we might be able to swallow him either way, but be doggoned if we can vote for a Roman Catholic for President of the United States.

Now witness this, from the same paper:

> Al Smith may be a Catholic and he may not believe that the Eighteenth Amendment is exactly just and he may believe or not believe a lot of other things that do not exactly suit the way some of us think, but he is a much better man than Hoover ever dared to be; after taking these facts in consideration, no real red-blooded Southerner is going to vote the Republican ticket.

The most interesting declaration is to be found in the Fort Valley Leader-Tribune, edited by a man who once studied for the ministry and was at least a lay preacher:

> We are opposed to Herbert Hoover for President. He is a Quaker, and the Quakers do not believe in pay for the preachers; and Hoover might pass a law to prohibit paying the preacher. Not that we pay our preacher much or often, but it is the principle of the thing.

We assert with all the earnestness at our command that the Leader-Tribune editor is perfectly serious when he voices the first sentence in this declaration. But he intends the rest to be taken with a bag of salt.

A VISIT TO ARS

By GOUVERNEUR PAULDING

YOU drive up the Saône from Lyons. Before the river turns you take a last look at the hill Fourvière, sacred to vague prehistoric religion, sacred to the Romans—from earliest Christianity consecrated to Our Lady. There are places sacred in saecula saeculorum. Our Lady of Paris on the island where the great road from the south crosses the Seine is one of them, and here Our Lady of the Fourvière on the hill that dominates the junction of the Saône and Rhone is another, but you are going to the little village of Ars which has been sacred only since the death of its humble parish priest sixty years ago. Hardly any time at all—a place like the worker of the eleventh hour.

You follow the Saône: Sunday restaurants for the Lyonnais, tugs with barges, little rowboats, summer places reached through long avenues of trees. Then at Trévoux you turn to the right, climb a short hill, steep like the bank of a river and see, as far as the eye can reach, the undulating plateau of the Dombes.

You follow little roads straight as arrows and pass in between the villages which are far apart. On this clear plateau where no deception is possible something prevents you from finding Ars—perhaps that same power, pictured at Toulouse by an angel with drawn sword, which stopped the courtesan Mary of Egypt from entering the church at Jerusalem. But no—it is rather something in yourself. The parish priest of Ars is not an easy saint. You fear to approach him: you find excuses for missing the way. Not an easy saint and you know too much about him and he has been dead too short a while.

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Children to whose incredible purity was conceded an immediate and actual perception—blue and white vestments so that they would understand—of Our Lady: you would not like to meet them on a walk but you would comfort yourself thinking that they saw in you nothing much worse than they saw in other grown-ups. Saint Francis would be more difficult, yet there was the wolf of Gubbio and you would be prepared for something half removed from reality by Giotto's pictures of him in the chapel at Padua. But the parish priest of this village of Ars, where finally you have arrived, a priest who endured the mania of Napoleon and who died only in 1859 (your father, your grandfather might have known him) this priest is too near: he would know you too well.

There is nothing of the middle-ages about him, nothing picturesque, nothing made beautiful and easy by the patina of time. A saint with an address on Madison Avenue. A saint whom policemen knew and watched and went to confession to. A priest who had the audacity to become a saint in the very lifetime of Renan and his doubts.

The gaudy new church of Ars acts as a frame to the old one which forms a nave approaching it and, if you stay in this narrow nave, you are in the saint's church as he left it—the smallest of village churches and everything within it small. When you see the little pulpit hooked precariously to the wall with a little ladder going up to it, you think of museum armor and you wonder how the saint could have been held in it. As a matter of observed fact on one occasion he did not but rose gently in the unsupporting air until his feet were clear of the rail. A miracle he surely did not notice or he would have been distressed and prayed God, as he begged his beloved Saint Philomela, to perform public miracles somewhere else and in Ars to cure but souls.

Yet when there remained no wheat to make bread for the children of his school he prayed—and the empty granary was so full it spilled out when they opened the door. But that was private, in his own family so to speak, and that family was forbidden to mention it.

There were with him as with every other saint two kinds of supernatural facts: those that concerned him alone—his relations with Our Lady, with the saints and angels (and with the devil)—and those through which he carried out the spiritual action he was in this world to perform. Of the first he said little or nothing. They were to him so sacred that he never willingly spoke of them and yet so constant and so natural that, being taken for granted, there is sometimes an almost careless allusion that forces us to close our eyes before a light too refulgent.

Of the second kind particularly was the fact that he saw men's souls. Sometimes they were so horrible that he would cry out with pain. On one occasion at least this reflection of the sorrow of God before sin was enough to produce an immediate and complete conversion. Often in this little church where you kneel, crowded with pilgrims, he would suddenly leave his confessional to call to someone who had lost all hope of reaching him because of the crowd, or who had not the slightest desire to reach him, being there out of curiosity, but whose need, acknowledged or denied, was greatest. A Parisian woman, visiting near Ars, whose faith was nearly broken by despair at the sudden loss of her children, was taken, pitiable and indifferent, one afternoon to the church. She knelt far back; too tired and too sad to listen even to the sermon. She never once looked up: she never once looked at the saint, a figure hidden and undistinguishable in the crowded church. After benediction the church began to empty. The saint came straight through the lingering pilgrims to where she still knelt. "Your children are happy in heaven," he said, and blessed her. Then, having divined her need and killed her despair, he turned hurriedly away with the swift calm of the fencer lunging suddenly at sin or at pain and in incessant combat.

You go to the little chapels that he added to the body of the church; you look at the statues of the saints with which he adorned them; you go into the new choir and kneel before his tomb.

In this church he has been for you the priest: go out, then, through a side door, cross the street to the house where he lived and suffered as a man. There is a small courtyard with a solitary tree. You enter the kitchen—a room singularly useless in this house. Still one had to have a fire even if all one did with it was to bake a little flour mixed with water. Then you go up a short flight of stairs to the bedroom. Here it was, away from the church and the Blessed Sacrament, that the devil could attack him. A soul burning with perfect charity and a body tempered by every manner of discipline offered nothing important in the way of a flaw through which the devil could approach, with the result that he nearly always acted in a wild rage that was certainly Satanic and surely uncontrolled. If he could not conquer the saint it was in his power to make infernal the few hours which the saint allowed himself for rest. Thus there would be terrific blows on the door and no one outside it and no trace on the fresh snow outdoors. There would be an army of rats gnawing all night and in the morning not a trace left by their teeth. The wooden bed would burst into flames—the bed and nothing else. There would be direct audible insults, horrible conferences in the courtyard, shouting and cursing. "They sound like Prussians or Russians," the simple priest would say. So that he would lie there during the short hours of his night, at first terrified, then calm, but unspeakably fatigued. That indeed was the point of it all: an attempt through fatigue to break down that sanity which is the inalienable characteristic of sanctity.

When you have made the short effort of prayer you are capable of, you buy post-cards, medals, and a little

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black book. It is cheaply bound, printed on a paper which already looks faded, with narrow margins, no spacing, and no attempt at typography. Perhaps then you go down the street to where it crosses a brook and leaves the village. Here a felled tree forms a bench. There is some shade: a very aged nun, bent double, hobbles past, guided by a girl: a boy returns from the fields with yoked oxen.

You open the little black book. It contains extracts from sermons and instructions at catechism and its text is taken from the copy-books in which two young girls, pupils in the parish school, Mariette Jacquet and Marie Germain, made a practice of writing down what they heard. The editor has simply put the bits together under subject headings. It is not a written book. The little church is filled with pilgrims; the saint is preaching from the altar rail; two girls with grave and simple diligence try to copy down what he says. When he goes too fast they lose the thread. But they do not fill the gaps—they are not writing lecture notes—they want his words and when they cannot get them they wait. Then comes a phrase which the saint literally screams at the crowd: he repeats it again and again—an invocation, a threat, a sob of pain. The little girls write it down. They like his comparisons which are as sharp as the wind that blows across the plateau. He has a constant peasant mannerism, an ejaculatory "Voyez," "do you see," "Understand!" The little girls have not left it out. It punctuates each page. You hear the man breathe.

Occasionally he is indiscreet. He says something that rolls like thunder. He gives himself away: "If we had a living faith we would see Him there, no doubt at all, in the Blessed Sacrament where He is. There are priests who see Him every day in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass."

UNDERWRITING GIRLHOOD

By MARIE L. DARRACH

THE NATIONAL GIRL SCOUTS is a character-building agency which, through its organized activities and program of recreational training, is inspiring nearly two hundred thousand girls in the United States to become healthful, home-loving citizens. The entire enterprise of wholesome diversion for the growing girl centers around health, home and citizenship as its foundation stones.

Ten years ago the National Council of the organization, wishing to emphasize the non-sectarian character of its work, and to extend its field of usefulness so that it would more definitely include girls of the Catholic faith, asked Cardinal Hayes to suggest a woman who might become a member of its Administrative Board. He named Mrs. Nicholas F. Brady. After a year of quiet, unobtrusive service she was elected treasurer of the national organization with the onerous task of supervising its finances. This office she has held continuously ever since. Last April, when Mrs. Herbert Hoover retired as chairman of the Executive Board, that she might concentrate on her official duty as first vice-president, Mrs. Brady was appointed to complete her unexpired term. And pending the regular election of officers at the national convention in October, she has continued in the office of treasurer as well.

When she joined them as a member of the National Girl Scouts Council, Mrs. Brady was already known to the president, Dean Sarah Arnold of Simmons College, to the Executive Board and to the honorary officers, including Mrs. Calvin Coolidge, Mrs. T. J. Preston (the former Mrs. Grover Cleveland) Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, Mrs. William H. Taft and Mrs. Woodrow Wilson, as a woman whose charities and philanthropies were as varied as they were extensive. They were also aware that the French government had bestowed upon her the Medaille d' Officier de l' Instruction Publique in recognition of her help in the rehabilitation of France and her support of the scientific research of Madame Curie. They knew of her efficient war work from the time she entered a hospital in 1914 to take a nurse's training course till many months after the armistice when she was still to be found doing duty for hours every day in the wards of our convalescent soldiers. The fact that for over twenty years her charitable efforts have been directed toward improving the conditions of the poor, the feeble and the ailing in the almshouses and hospitals (a work which remains one of her major interests) was well known to them. They were also familiar with her more recent achievement as founder and president of the Carroll Club, where nearly fifteen hundred Catholic business girls are given an opportunity for social contact and provided with cultural advantages, and where for a modest fee, well within their means, they are able to enjoy the environment which Mrs. Brady visualizes as the aesthetic need of girls in business and which they were unable to obtain in the small hotels and boarding houses where many of them make their homes.

So the executives of the Girl Scout organization were satisfied that Mrs. Brady had come into the work from a life already rich in experience, and that she was admirably equipped to coöperate sympathetically and intelligently in a movement pledged to provide inspiration for the recreational activities of the American girl in her teens.

But their admiration for her achievements in these scattered fields of endeavor—genuine though it was—was in no way responsible for the tribute they paid

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her ability, by so soon electing her treasurer and making her custodian of their finances. They had discovered, before the passing of a year, that she had constructive ideas applicable to the financing of the special activities of the Girl Scouts, that she had a flair for intelligent and systematized budgeting, a cleverness in assembling funds by interesting particular groups in specific needs, a great aversion to the haphazard method of filling leaks with sums of money, gathered willy-nilly, or checks charitably contributed, and a subtle insistence that cohesion in the system of collecting and maintaining the revenue of the organization was absolutely essential. And now, in conferring such leadership upon her as is inherent in the office of chairman of the Board of Directors, the organization has tangibly expressed its appreciation of her contribution to the educational program upon which justification for the existence of the Girl Scouts is based.

To an interviewer, Mrs. Brady pays glowing tribute to her predecessor in office, Mrs. Herbert Hoover.

"I consider it quite as great a privilege to be permitted to follow in the footsteps of so competent and conscientious an executive, as it is an honor to be designated as her successor. Mrs. Hoover gave much more to the Girl Scouts than the prestige of her name. She was actively interested in all the details of the work, and kept in close contact with the girls and the organization personnel. She made frequent trips from Washington to New York in order to be present at all-important meetings. She visited the camps in every part of the country, and from personal observation of their activities was thoroughly conversant with the needs and accomplishments of an amazing number of groups, in widely separated localities throughout the United States. She was absolutely untiring in her efforts to make every phase of the Girl Scout program effective, and to establish new methods of increasing its efficiency as an inspirational agency in the lives of young girls. That is, of course, what I wish to continue. The policy and aims of the Girl Scout organization are well established. All a new person in office—such as I—plans to do is to carry them out—perhaps in a special and individual way, as Mrs. Hoover has done—but always with the fundamentals of the program, which emphasizes the importance of health, the home and citizenship, sharply defined. In the matter of method, much flexibility is permitted. Methods are never imposed as the final way of doing things, so a person with imagination, such as Mrs. Hoover, has much leeway as to the manner of accomplishing a stated purpose.

"One development of the Scout program which Mrs. Hoover made particularly her own, and which I am keen about carrying to its logical conclusion," continued Mrs. Brady, "was the establishment of courses in Scout leadership in a number of colleges, universities and institutions of higher learning throughout the country. She was instrumental in collecting the money from which an endowment fund was created to start this work; and that the technique of leadership is now being taught in 155 institutions and that, in the five years ending with the summer of 1927, training courses with an enrolment of over nine thousand students have been conducted, is due to her efforts, in which she had the coöperation of all the members of the Board.

"One of the great needs of the country today is leadership," continued Mrs. Brady, "and very early in their history the Girl Scouts recognized the importance of developing leaders of a high type, by providing college girls with training. The first courses were given in summer camps in New England in 1917. In 1921 and 1922 two young college women were appointed as teachers and instruction was given in several of the large eastern schools. In 1922 the Laura Spellman Rockefeller Memorial became interested in the further development of these courses and a grant sufficient to continue them on a larger scale was obtained. In the colleges where they have been introduced the training courses are sponsored by academic departments or student organizations, and in about one-third of those given in higher institutions by Girl Scout instructors, academic credits ranging from half a point to two points are allowed for the work by the college authorities. At Stanford University, where the course runs through an entire quarter, it receives two points' credit in the Department of Education."

Where these courses in leadership training have been introduced, the class in a college is carried on through the patrol system, which, Mrs. Brady explains, is a perfect representative government in miniature, and is the distinctive Scout method of managing troop affairs and developing group-mindedness. The educational soundness of the patrol system is becoming generally recognized, and big business organizations are copying the Scout plan of dividing the large conference group into smaller units for the purpose of getting individual expression and of developing leadership. All recreational activities included in the Girl Scout program function in accordance with this theory. A patrol consists of six or eight girls. Each patrol selects its own leader, and not more than five patrols are included in a troop, which is headed by a captain, and one lieutenant for every two patrols in the troop. The leaders of the patrols, the captain and the lieutenants constitute the Court of Honor, which is the governing board of the troop. Its members report to regional heads who, in turn, confer with the National Council. The Court of Honor is the keystone of the patrol system, being a representative executive committee sitting with the captain of the troop as chairman, through which a Girl Scout troop directs its own activities and becomes familiar with the operation of democratic, coöperative self-government. The Girl Scout program follows the line of women's activities adapted to the capacities and interests of the young girl. Emphasis is placed on methods of training which develop initiative, self-control, self-reliance, service to

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others, and the qualities of character most worth while in adult life. Club instinct is developed through games incorporated in the patrol system.

"Girl Scouting," said Mrs. Brady, "makes much of group life and group activities out of doors. Modern city conditions have cut girls off from the association with plants and animals which is a natural heritage, and it is necessary to plan to bring into their experience some of the joys which come from a close communion with nature and a knowledge and appreciation of the birds, the trees and the flowers. I hark back to my own young girlhood, shut away from these natural delights and activities. I sense in these Girl Scouts an exhilaration which comes of knowing every bird call, of recognizing with accuracy every tree and shrub in the woods, and of being able to use simple things to meet simple needs. I should be so much better equipped to enjoy my own garden, even," she added wistfully, "if I had enjoyed the advantages of Girl Scouting in my youth."

But while the Scout program seems to show a great partiality for outdoor activities, like hiking and camping (even in winter and under all sorts of conditions) whittling and knot-tying, woodcraft and bird lore, it really strives equally to provide outlets for the girl to practise the arts of home-making as well. In Washington they have a central headquarters, where home-making activities are worked out with the help of experts in government departments, and scattered over the country are houses and camp sites which have been given to the Girl Scouts for Better Home demonstrations and classes in home nursing, child care and hospitality.

In talking with Mrs. Brady about her work in the Girl Scouts, one senses that her interest is in preventive measures rather than in the application of remedies for existing distress, and that their program for conserving the energies of young girls and directing them toward channels of adult usefulness is one which has tremendous appeal for her. While her sympathies make her lavish in her expenditure for charity, and the old and feeble and sick have her constant attention, her enthusiasm, her physical energy and her virile mentality are dedicated to a movement which meets a fundamental need in the lives of young girls. This desire on her part to build up a structure which will safeguard their future, aid in their character development, insure them a greater measure of happiness and prevent them from dissipating their energies and squandering their idealism in activities dangerous to character and personality, finds expression in her association with the Girl Scouts and the members of the Carroll Club. No mere writing of checks would accomplish the purpose of either of these organizations. Women must give of themselves, as Mrs. Hoover and Mrs. Brady and those associated with them in the work of the Girl Scouts have been doing ever since it was organized in the United States in 1912 by Mrs. Juliette Low, a friend of Sir Robert Baden-Powell, who was the father of all Scouting.

ISLAM—RELIGION OR SYMBOL?

By OLIVER McKEE, JR.

AFTER a protracted trial, a Turkish court has found three American teachers in the American girls' school at Broussa, Anatolia, guilty of Christian propaganda. It imposed a sentence of three days' imprisonment, and a fine of $1.50 each. Both the Turkish and the foreign press have given great attention to the trial of the American teachers. The "conversions" in the American school caused no small stir in the public mind. Behind the interest in the trial lay a growing feeling among leaders of the new Turkey that the foreign schools are hostile to the things which these leaders hold most dear. The Broussa incident raises forcefully two questions. What is the cause of this agitation against Christian propaganda in the foreign schools? And is the trial of these three teachers the first step in a movement that will eventually compel American and other educational institutions in Turkey to close their doors?

Under the license granted to the American school, which is identical with that given to all schools, whether foreign or not, no one may discuss religion with a minor under eighteen except the parents, in whom is vested sole religious and moral authority. The authorities at Broussa reported to Angora certain acts of the principal of the school, Miss Jennie Jillson, and those of two teachers, Miss Edith Sanderson and Miss Lucille Day. The Minister of Education thereupon promptly ordered an investigation, and found that the acts of the teachers had violated the penal code as well as the civil code. The school was at once closed. Instead of charging the teachers under the civil code, the authorities, to the chagrin no doubt of those who wanted the hand of the law to fall more heavily, brought them to trial for disobedience of an official order, and imposed on them the minimum sentence. Its leniency went further than this, for it made a ruling that the teachers could fulfill the conditions if they kept to their quarters in the school for three days, adding also that the premises were not to be patrolled, the court leaving the matter entirely to the honor of the teachers themselves.

The diaries of the girls were used by the prosecution to help prove their case. From these diaries it appeared that conversations with the teachers played a material part in the conversions to Christianity. Aside from charges that religious instruction had been

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given, the prosecution suggested that Silas Marner, read by students at the school, was a religious book. The prosecutors also cited the playing of the Ave Maria on the school phonograph, intimating that this too was part of the program of Christian propaganda. This brought an interesting question from the Turkish lawyer who represented the accused Americans. He stated that this same record had been played on the steamer from Constantinople to Mondania. Was the steward of this steamer, he asked, to be arrested and brought to trial for trying to convert passengers on the vessel to Christianity?

What lies behind the Broussa incident? Whence arises this feeling against the foreign schools, this determination that religious instruction shall not be given? Foreign schools for years have occupied a strong position in the Turkish educational world. Their roots are many and deep. Under the Ottoman empire, Greeks, Bulgars, Armenians and other nationalities were heavily represented in the student bodies of these institutions, but today the Turks occupy most of the seats. The Turkish republic has separated church and state. Islam is no longer the official religion. Why then this ban on religious instruction; why this talk of the "bad influence of foreign schools," the establishment of defense organizations against Christian proselytizing?

Cultural nationalism is the answer. Fundamentally, the Turks are opposed to "Christianization" because they believe that the process is one that tends to break down their national unity. Each year Turkish children knock at the doors of the foreign schools in increasing numbers. A few have been converted—many, if not all, have come, at least indirectly under Christianizing influence. Conversion, as the Turks see it, means a loosening of the ties of nationalism. A boy or girl who has accepted Christianity tends to drift away from the culture of his people, directing his admiration and his interest instead toward the ideals and culture of the western world. As the modernized Turk learns to think, act and dress like a Frenchman, an Italian or a Spaniard, he removes from their ancient pedestals national heroes and scholars. If he does not come actually to despise it, he grows a bit cynical about the past of his country, and the worth and value of its culture. In so doing, he deals a body blow at the sense of national unity which the leaders of the Turkish republic are trying to inculcate in their countrymen. Such in brief are some of the items in the bill of indictment which has been brought against the foreign schools.

For national unity and national culture are cardinal elements in the gospel which Kemal Pasha and his lieutenants are preaching. Education is to play a notable part in the building of the new Turkey. Its educational policy is second to none at Angora. More and still more schools, is the cry, and the day is envisaged when there will be a little red schoolhouse in every village. In their educational program, Kemal Pasha and his associates believe they have planted the seeds of a new culture through Anatolia. They have made primary education compulsory and free. They have taken religion out of the schools. Educational facilities have grown by leaps and bounds. In 1914 there were 2,632 primary schools through the empire, with a total enrolment of 250,290 pupils, and 8,165 instructors. In 1926, in the new Turkish republic, there were 5,883 primary schools with 385,455 students and 11,770 teachers. The achievement is a creditable one, when we consider the drains on the already depleted treasury of the republic, and the short period that has elapsed since the Turkish ship of state first put to sea.

On its surface this reaction against the Christian schools contains a paradox, coming as it does at the moment when Angora has thrown Islam overboard as the official religion of Turkey. The reason, however, for the situation is not far to seek. Though there are among them devout followers of the Prophet, Turkish leaders for the most part are only indifferent Moslems. Yet Islam is more than a religion and a faith. It is an element in Turkish history. For them Islam is far less a religion and far more an element in Turkey's culture. Nationality and religion have been closely identified in the near East and the leaders of modern Turkey, while they have done amazing things in secularizing their government and their laws, cannot as yet bring themselves to the point where they can envisage a 100 percent Turk becoming a Christian, especially when the agency for effecting this change is a foreign school. It is not necessary that this 100 percent Turk should be a practising Moslem; by no means, but he should not become, outwardly, something else.

Above and beyond all else, leaders of the new Turkey want to build a real national state, with a culture based on its own historical past. Islam is, in their eyes, an element of Turkey's past. By the same token a Turkish boy or girl, perhaps a future helmsman of the ship of state, who gives up Islam for Christianity, dulls correspondingly the keen edge of his enthusiasm for a unified and nationalistic Turkey. It is not Christianity as a religion which is feared. It is the process of denationalization in the American and other schools, and the turning of the eyes of the young Turks from Turkey. If this happens, Turks ask, can Turkey have any individuality? Will there be anything to differentiate a Turk from any other semi-Europeanized Levantine?

From one point of view this movement against foreign schools marks in turn a reaction against the extreme and undiscriminating westernization that was so characteristic a feature of the early days of the republic. At the outset, Kemal Pasha did everything he could to create a modern state. He abolished the sultanate and the caliphate. The veil, the harem and polygamy, almost at the stroke of the pen, became relics of the past. Kemal Pasha opened the dykes and the floods of westernization swept into the country. Motion pictures and variety houses, jazz orchestras and clothes patterned on the styles of the Rue de la

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Paix, these are but few examples of the many conquests which westernization scored. Angora, a ramshackle provincial town in Angora, changed its dress, and is becoming a modern capital. The distinctive headdress of the Turks—the fez—went out of fashion, and Kemal Pasha himself pointed the way to the new order of things by donning the conventional western headgear. Roman figures have been adopted, and there is a strong movement for the adoption of the Latin alphabet. But the Turks are beginning to realize that westernization may go too far. Of what avail is modernization if, in the process, influential Turks have asked, the national unity of Turkey is threatened? Cultural nationalism has now raised up its voice in warning and in protest against the foreign schools, as a potential element in breaking down the national unity of Turkey.

We must bear in mind also one other thing, if we are to understand the background of the Broussa incident. The new Turkey has vigorously plied the ax of reform among Turks in religious as well as other matters. Its leaders could not consistently make an exception in the case of Christian propaganda. Had they done so, and permitted the foreign schools to carry on religious instruction, there would be vulnerable points in their armor.

What then is the future of the foreign schools, now under suspicion? It is impossible at this writing to say with any precision. There is little to indicate, however, that the Turkish government, or anything more than a small group of Turks, want these American, French and other schools to close their doors. The question perhaps is rather one of fitting these schools into the mold of the new Turkey, to conform to the trend of the new opinion and views of that country. Setting as much store on education as they do, leaders of the Turkish republic are not likely to refuse altogether the educational help of the western world. A change or revision in our educational policies perhaps offers the proper solution to the problem, which requires careful study and examination.

The Broussa case was a straw showing which way the wind is blowing. The Turkish republic is still in the formative period. There is a conflict between new and old, between present and past, between those who want their country to become westernized completely and those who want to keep a hold on some, at least, of the ancient moorings. The change from the Ottoman empire of yesterday to the republic of today was as fundamental and far-reaching as that which brought Japan from feudalism into the bright light of modern day. The experiment in Turkey is not yet finished; we cannot yet pass judgment on its success or its failure. If Turkish thinkers may find it difficult to define, in a simple formula, just what the national culture is that they so earnestly desire to protect, it is quite clear that they want Turkish children to remain Turkish in thought and ideals. As long as they insist upon this, the position of the foreign schools will be difficult.

COMMUNICATIONS

CATHOLICS AND PROHIBITION

Pittsburgh, Pa.

TO the Editor:—In the May 30 issue of The Commonweal Dr. John A. Ryan discusses prohibition in praiseworthy style. It is interesting to note his views and most pleasing to see the fair way in which he handles the matter, particularly as to the disposition he makes of those Catholics who disagree with his opinions. He allows two sides to the question and at one time looked with sympathy on prohibition.

Dr. Ryan points out that a secondary and incidental cause of the instinctive antipathy of Catholics toward prohibition is the fact that Protestant organizations have taken up the dry view. This unexplainable reason as given by some Catholics has been noted, and the extent to which this feeling has entered into their decision should cause concern. One does not relish the disappointing spectacle of a great political and social issue being fought out along religious lines. The merits of the case and the importance of a good decision demand a drawn-out discussion that would exclude anything irrelevant or intolerant. Perhaps the situation arising out of a great national effort to reach security against the natural consequences of alcoholic drink would clarify itself in a more general and genuine understanding if confusing and confounding considerations were tabooed on all sides.

By its very nature there is no quick and easy solution of the liquor problem. The American people, by long trial and tribulation, are prepared to accept the best solution, even though a hard one. Alcoholic drink has had its long day of more or less restricted sway. Prohibition has received its portion and fair play is a good and safe motto. Prohibition hurts pride but alcoholic drink hinders progress. Everyone should be jealous of his personal liberty but no stretch of the imagination is needed to see in alcoholic beverages no ordinary drink.

The age in which we live perhaps more than anything else has made the setting for the change. What age, or what nation in any age, ever traveled on such fast-revolving wheels? An ox team might safely be handled by a driver a few drinks drunk but not so with the auto. And even the dodging pedestrian must discard over-confidence and put efficiency and alertness into his efforts. This traffic era should be a very sober era for the good of all concerned.

CHARLES J. BYRNES.

THE INSPIRATION OF JOHN AYSCOUGH

Danvers, Mass.

TO the Editor:—I wish to acknowledge with thanks Theodore Maynard's kindly correction of my unintentional injustice to the memory of Dante. In The Inspiration of John Ayscough, appearing in The Commonweal for August 1, I wrote " . . . he resented Dante's placing San Celestino upside down in hell," and Mr. Maynard protested that Dante did no such thing. I failed to make it clear that Ayscough was confused or misinformed.

Reverend Peter Moran, C. S. P., writes that he agrees with the librarian at Syracuse who informed him that Marotz, one of Ayscough's novels, was debarred as not being proper inspiration for youth. There is no call for me to defend Ayscough, his moral theology, or his ethical standards and yet I think that, like Cardinal Newman, he realized, "It is a contradiction in terms to attempt a sinless literature of sinful man."

JOHN J. DOWNEY.

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THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

Gentlemen of the Press

THE obvious thing to do is to avoid comparisons between Gentlemen of the Press and that other recent play about newspapermen, The Front Page. But it so happens that the obvious thing in this case is not the right thing, at least in so far as a question of veracity is at stake. For here we have two plays dealing in a new stage commodity, the supposedly real newspaperman as against the notebook reporter who has injected his nose into every third play of the last few decades. For my part, having some personal knowledge of newspaper offices, Gentlemen of the Press, with all its mistakes, remains a veracious picture, catching in its wide drag-net the pathos and drudgery of the profession as well as its hilarious absurdity and reckless charm. The Front Page, on the other hand, is high and strident satire, using its material in defiance of all natural law to subserve the purposes of scalding melodrama. You may find The Front Page better entertainment—that is, if you can stomach the bad taste of its profanity—but if you are looking for a play that will give you a glimmer of understanding about the night toilers who provide your morning paper, then by all means pick Gentlemen of the Press for this purpose.

Ward Morehouse wrote the play, and in doing so achieved an unusual quality of sincerity. The plot has no particular importance. The action is frequently slow, in spite of direction by none other than George Abbott. But an intensely human current of feeling runs through the whole piece. Before long, you find yourself interested in everything said for the simple reason that each character has become thoroughly alive and credible. If, at a given moment, the conversation becomes dull, you suddenly realize that dullness can be pathetic. It ceases to be boring when it stands for the crushed disillusionment of a whole life. And precisely in this, I believe, you will find the inner, almost secret theme of Mr. Morehouse's play. Newspaper men, he seems to say, are queer ducks, at once hating and loving their profession, forever eager to break away from it, yet never able completely to cast it off. They live in it and die in it, often reaching the summit of their achievement and earning power in early middle life, and spending the rest of their days in a slow decline, never giving up hope of advancement, even while they are finding themselves steadily demoted. What kind of life is it, after all, which can cast such a spell? You might say that Mr. Morehouse's entire play is an attempt —and frequently a successful one—to answer this question.

The theme suffers a bit in the popular mind from not being obviously universal. Even plays about actors are better understood, because actors have been known almost from the dawn of history, or at least, if not known, pictured as a popular type. But your real newspaperman is somewhat of a mystery, and a not very intriguing one, to the general public. Everyone knows the product of his labor. The day could not start right without it. But the steel wall of impersonality hides him as a man. For there is a marked difference between the special writer and the real newspaperman. The special writer who can air his own opinions, give his personal interpretation of facts and establish a personal style is quite another brand of humanity from the man who learns to live on the excitement of news for its own sake, who writes column after column of facts about persons he has never known and may never hear of again, to whom a murder is less a crime than an item to be measured in inches of space according to the drama of the particular details. Even a private in the ranks of the army may hope to win the national distinction of a public decoration. But the newspaperman who ferrets out the details of a crime or a political scandal remains forever, in spite of his mighty influence on the public mind, a personal nonentity. In the very nature of things, he has to find his life interest in passing things. He cannot create for the future. He can only report the immediate past. Small wonder, then, if, as a human being, he fails to fire the imagination of the very people whom his words startle or depress or stimulate every day of the year.

The real achievement of Mr. Morehouse, then, seems to lie in bringing these figures from their obscurity and forcing you to be interested in them less as newspapermen than as deeply colored and richly varied items of humanity. There is plenty of merciless and stark realism in the play and, to say the least, freedom of speech. But it is much less offensive in this regard than The Front Page—which is a different way of saying again that it is more sincere. Moreover, it is splendidly acted by a large cast in which John Cromwell and Hugh O'Connell stand forth more through the length of their parts than because of better acting. Carlotta Irwin makes a great deal of a small bit in the first act. (At Henry Miller's Theatre.)

Ringside

AND so, at last, the inevitable happened, and they (meaning three collaborators) put together the gang wars of The Racket and Broadway with a nice chunk of leatherpusher material, and produced a play that would be all about a prize-fighter if it were not equally all about a gangster and his chorus girls and his bootleg liquor. The play as a whole, recounting the efforts of one Zelli to get Bobby Murray to throw a championship fight, moves with distressing slowness. As George Abbott is both its director and one of its authors, he had better look carefully to his laurels, or someone will suspect that the magnificent tempo of Broadway should be credited chiefly to its producer, the indefatigable Jed Harris.

The original play, one gathers, was by Hyatt Daab and Edward Paramore, jr., with the collaboration and rewriting performed by Abbott. The present fad seems to call for collaborators, and in a few cases the results seem to justify the experiment. But I cannot see for the life of me what good collaboration has done in this case unless the original script was beyond all word turgid, fat and uninteresting. For there is no steel and flash to Ringside. It has no effective curtains. Even the last scene which, almost to the end, is an exciting staging of a prize-fight, tumbles into a hopeless bit of sentimentality. We are asked to believe that all Madison Square Garden, which has been in uproar, suddenly becomes as hushed as a church meeting while Bobby Murray and his father (also his trainer) indulge in a few whispered and tender emotions. If that is good theatre, then I would rather see a football game. There, at least, after all is over, one still hears the shouting. Mob emotions do not evaporate to let proud fathers whisper in their victorious sons' ears. Something is left to imagination —even if that something is the best curtain line ever written.

Robert Gleckler, John Meehan and Richard Taber carry the burden of the important male parts. Each, in his way, is beyond reproach. But neither Harriet MacGibbon nor Suzanne Caubaye quite fills the bill as Bobby Murray's fiancée and temptress respectively. For the rest, there are individual scenes which stand out with vivid precision. A certain pseudo-realism pervades the scenes in the training camp, and in the dressing room before the fight in Madison Square Garden. But I seldom remember an act dragging out so piteously as the second—a feeble effort to give tang and salt to a scene on top of one

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of New York's tall apartments, with a portable bar and ladies of the ensemble as decoration. (At the Broadhurst Theatre.)

Heavy Traffic

ANOTHER reasonably apt title for this play would have been, Behold These Lovers. The point is that about half the critics will probably call Heavy Traffic a sophisticated play, on the simple and obvious grounds that every single character in it is unfaithful to someone, and that no one is "uncivilized" enough to get angry about it. This fact, or rather this group of facts, is supposed to furnish all the light and merry comedy for the evening, with Mary Boland, A. E. Matthews and Reginald Mason officiating in the chief rôles. Arthur Richman is the author who conceived the "novel" idea.

All of which—the play being unspeakably boring as well as deliberately perverse—opens the way for a few words on sophistication in general. The word "sophisticated" is defined in my favorite dictionary as "artificially or pretentiously wise." So far as I can see, that fits to a tee the type of play which the critics adorn with this word, intending it, no doubt, as praise. As a matter of fact, I see no more reason for praising this kind of contraption than the chalk writings which artificially wise schoolboys use to decorate the back fences of the land. And the snickers of the audience are generally of a piece with the snickers of other schoolboys who pass by those fences and read what their bolder comrades have written. The words are not new. The situations are not new. But the audacity of the writer is greeted as something essentially comic and wise.

Incidentally, Mr. Brooks Atkinson, the able critic of the New York Times, appears to share this view vigorously. I can do no better than quote some of his words. "Two years ago," he writes, "nudity and eroticism administered the shock that kept silly tongues wagging excitedly. This season it is unbridled conversation. All through the town audiences shiver with delight over blasphemy and foul jesting; they welcome in the theatre a rankness of speech they would not tolerate in the furnace man. . . . No one can trudge around to the new plays of this season and listen to their swagger iniquities without suspecting that they represent nothing so much as arrested mental development. Their choice of theme, their sentimentalities as well as their stream of fishmonger's oaths betray the adolescent mind parading hopefully as maturity. . . . It is hokum in long pants; it is drama shaving in secret before its beard has grown." If Mr. Atkinson would extend this diatribe to cover such absurdities as Heavy Traffic as well as heavy oaths, these words of his would stand as an almost perfect indictment. (At the Empire Theatre.)

"If I Listen Long and Long"

If I listen long and long
Shall I put silence into song?

Silence that is crystal-wrought
Of a thought within a thought—

Radiant silences that are
Behind a world, around a star—

Silence that will go with me
Into, beyond eternity?

If I listen long and long—

ETHEL ROMIG FULLER.

BOOKS

The Russian Débâcle

The Fall of the Russian Empire, by Edmund A. Walsh. New York: Little, Brown and Company. $3.50.

FATHER WALSH has written a book which is well worth reading. At the same time it is not a great book and is, in several important respects, distinctly disappointing.

It is worth reading because of its subject and because of its author. Russia is today the great enigma and any qualified guide is welcome who can help us to see through the mist which has fallen between us and that unhappy country. Of Father Walsh's qualifications there is no question. Highly educated, as all Jesuits must be, and well versed in world affairs—he is the regent of the Georgetown School of Foreign Service—he has spent much time in Russia and in the administration of relief work which brought him into contact with the Bolshevik leaders.

Father Walsh begins in the right way by sketching in the historical background of the Russian catastrophe. He goes on to tell of Nicholas II and his family, their limitations and their fall, and ends with an account of the provisional government which followed czardom, to be overthrown in a few months by the Bolsheviki.

Yet one notes, in the first place, a capital faul of arrangement. After sixty odd pages of historical introduction leading up to the reign of Nicholas II, as we have only another sixty to his abdication and then no less than seventy pages dealing with the imprisonment and death of the imperial family, after which another seventy pages winds up the provisional government. Were the book concerned chiefly with the lives and deaths of the imperial family, the part about the provisional government would be irrelevant. If, on the contrary, the theme is Russia, then the details of the imprisonment and death of the imperial family are politically unimportant.

The second fault of the book is that in its historical parts it is unconvincing. To say that the Boston Massacre made the American Revolution inevitable is mere jaunty and careless generalization. It is the truth, but by no means the whole truth, to say that the tennis court oath of June, 1789, was taken by the French Commons alone; the fact is that both nobles and clergy were invited to join, and that the handful of clergy who actually did join were morally important out of all proportion to their small number, because they prevented the privileged orders from showing a united front. Worst of all is the statement that Robespierre was a Socialist. These things weaken our confidence in the author as a historian. Accordingly when he treats of the origin of Russian serfdom and implies that it arose out of a previous condition of freedom and not out of a previous condition of slavery, one is a little reluctant to go along with him. That is the old but now abandoned theory of the origin of serfdom in western Europe, and if indeed the course of events was so different in Russia, then at least a few words of explanation are necessary.

Of the Russian Church nothing is said except that it was Erastian, that is, subservient to civil power. Few Americans are willing to praise Erastianism and the reviewer is not among those few. On the other hand he is not at all sure that the last word as to the relations of church and state has yet been said, and he is certain that merely to call it Erastian is but a sorry description of that church which, until yesterday, was the soul of Russia, and may yet survive to a time when the Bolsheviki are forgotten like a nightmare. The author does

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STEAMER RUGS—FIRST FLOOR

not so much as mention the intensity of Russian religion or the fact that, whereas in Paris or Rome today great crowds of people—most of the population perhaps—do not go to Mass, in pre-war St. Petersburg everyone went.

There is occasional grave looseness of statement. Thus when Nicholas I overrules the local petty grafters and insists upon a straight railroad line between Moscow and St. Petersburg we read that the incident " . . . reconciles one to certain attributes of tyranny." Now what is tyranny? In the United States, ever since the passage of the Eighteenth Amendment, correct definition of the term is increasingly necessary and no one more than a companion of Suarez and Escobar should be held to accuracy on such a point. If all absolute monarchy is tyranny then the word has little meaning. It would seem to be the only sound definition of the word to say that it means immoral action on the part of a government toward its subjects. In this issue, therefore, Nicholas I was by no means acting as a tyrant: he was acting as the father of his people.

Finally the permanent value of the book is diminished by the failure of the author to interpret events from any other standpoint than that of nineteenth-century "Victorian" liberalism. Now it is perhaps the chief political fact of the last two decades in Europe that, on that continent, the liberal catch-words no longer have meaning. Although this is everywhere evident, yet nowhere is their meaninglessness more clearly shown than in the events of the Russian revolution themselves.

For instance we read that "Russia was the last island fortress of absolutism in the rising tide of democracy, the outstanding anachronism of the twentieth century." From Moscow through Rome to Madrid, where is European democracy today?

Again let us not take democracy but parliamentarism. We read: "At the very epoch when western Europe was experiencing the renaissance of political theory and the rise of parliaments, Russia was crystallizing and hardening into a palace state. . . ." What is the fact? Is it not obvious today that the greatness of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century England, her wisdom in foreign policy and her profound internal peace, derived not from her parliament but from her aristocracy of which parliament was but the mouthpiece? Is it not equally obvious that, when, after 1815, western Europe set up parliaments on the English model, those far more egalitarian societies mistook an effect for a cause?

Father Walsh calls Pobyedonostsev's opposition to parliamentarism a mad policy. What is the evidence today? The parliaments of Berlin, of Vienna and of Budapest exist far less by the consent of those whom they govern than by the pressure of the European victors of 1918 together with the succession states. Outside of the former enemy countries, in France alone of the first-class powers of the continent does parliamentarism drag out an unhonored remnant of life. The parliamentarians have been enthusiastically kicked out of Rome and Madrid. In Warsaw it is not the Seym which governs, it is Pilsudski. Athens has seen a succession of dictatorships. In Belgrade and Bucharest it is the monarchical institution which counts. Even to mention parliamentarism in connection with present-day Russia would be funny.

In short Europe today agrees with Pobyedonostsev that parliaments are "the greatest falsehood of the time . . . serving to satisfy the personal ambition, personal vanity and personal interests of the representatives." Nay more, translate these words of the Procurator of the Holy Synod into pungent Americanese and they become mere average sample specimens of private comment on Congress.

HOFFMAN NICKERSON.

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One of the Better Outlines

The Stream of History, by Geoffrey Parsons. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $5.00.

SINCE Mr. Wells set the fashion there have been quite a number of books of this character, and this particular work conforms with its prototype by starting the story long before the stream of history began to flow. For it begins with an account of the earth and its derivation from the sun, and, after a brief glance at geology, turns to the development of living things. In this part of the book Mr. Parsons writes with much greater caution and sanity than has been exhibited by some other authors. He is careful to point out that the numbers of years set down by geologists are mere guesses or approximations intended rather to indicate their ideas of the scale time than actual periods of years. Evolution he accepts, but states, very properly, that science neither denies nor affirms (nor can do either) the possibility of that process being the method adopted by the Creator for the working out of His plan. Moreover, and here we commend his divergence from the statements of other and less cautious writers, he makes it quite clear that science has not yet explained, nor has it come near to explaining, the origin of life, nor the origin of consciousness. So far, then, if we are to have such a prologue to history, Mr. Parsons's method of writing it deserves commendation.

Much the same may be said about the part of the book which deals with primitive man, though he departs from the opinion expressed by that very eminent anthropologist, Professor Hrdlicka, when he considers Neanderthal man as having entirely died out and left no trace in the present populations of the world. The recent discoveries of skulls of this race in various parts of Eurasia tend to strengthen the opinion held by the professor. At any rate in this part of the book the same cautious attitude to which we have already alluded is to be observed, and we were delighted to find its author giving no quarter to the ridiculous theory that language originated in

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growls and hisses and squeals. Further we agree with him when he points out that it is quite a mistake to suppose that primitive races have small vocabularies. There are few more degraded peoples than those of Tierra del Fuego, and yet they have at least 30,000 words in their language.

Mr. Parsons will have nothing to do with the animistic theory of the origin of religion, originally put forward by that great pioneer, E. B. Taylor, nor with that other theory which we owe to Sir J. Frazer that it originated in magic, and with both of these opinions we fully agree.

So much for the first half of the book: the second is devoted to history proper, beginning with the dawn of civilization in Egypt, Babylonia and the Aegean, and continuing to the present day. Of this part of the book all that space permits us to say is that it seems to be an accurate and vivid account of the main happenings in the world since history began. Of course there is room in places for criticism and especially when matters like the Reformation come under discussion. For example, if Mr. Parsons will read the last volume of Mr. Belloc's History of England we think that he may be led to modify the opinion (no doubt the common text-book opinion of today) that Wycliffe was the pioneer of the Reformation.

On the other hand he states accurately the facts with regard to Galileo, which so many writers do not. He sees the bad side of Oliver Cromwell and he does not omit to note the importance in the history of religious toleration of the foundation of Maryland.

Apart from the question, which each person will answer for himself, as to whether there should or should not be a long prehistorical prologue to such a book as this, we can praise its proportions and do not hesitate to say that it is one which can be read with ease and pleasure, and from which much valuable information can be obtained.

BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE.

Catholic Physicians

The Catholic Church and Healing, by James J. Walsh. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.00.

THE latest addition to the volumes of the Calvert Series, The Catholic Church and Healing, is introduced with Dr. James J. Walsh's telling words: "For nineteen hundred years the Catholic Church has been in intimate relation with the healing of mankind, body and soul. Anyone who hopes to understand even a little of this rôle must consult large works, of which there are many available, and to which this little book may serve as an introduction." To which may be appended the words from Mr. Hilaire Belloc's Preface: "In the abandonment all around us of those doctrines which the world has inherited from the Catholic Church, no small part of the original ethical structure remains. It would seem to be dissolving; still no small part remains. Now what guarantee have we that this fragment of the old ethical structure which was based upon dogma will survive? The world outside the Church is changing its ethical mood very rapidly. The normal trend of the process should be paganism. What motive is there in paganism for a universal care of the poor? And the application to them of knowledge and a sacrifice for them of the wealth which knowledge can procure for its possessor?"

Adolph Harnack, in his Medical Features of Early Christianity, points out some sixteen physicians who reached distinction in the early stages of Christianity. The first were mainly Syrian and Greek, and the Emperor Justinian erected a shrine and pilgrim place in their honor. Aetius of Amida was fol-

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lowed by Alexander of Tralles, who gained his knowledge through extensive journeying through Italy, Gaul, Spain and Africa. The ancient hospitals also furnish an enlightening chapter to Dr. Walsh's book, and he touches on Saint Basil's hospice at the gates of Caesarea, Saint John Chrysostom's in Constantinople, Saint Fabiola's public hospital in Rome, and the numerous refuges founded by Saint Pulcheria; DuCange in his Historia Byzantina enumerates thirty-five hospitals in the eastern imperial city.

In mediaeval England there existed more than seven hundred and fifty charitable institutions, an enormous number when one considers the size of the population at that time. The story of the crusades and knighthoods is largely made up of records of hospices, rest-houses, refuges and asylums. The great institution of Santo Spirito in Rome was founded by Pope Innocent III, and became the model of similar foundations throughout the entire Christian world.

Leprosy was the great evil of the mediaeval world, and its practical eradication was the work of the Church. Following this was the gradual recognition of the fact of contagious diseases. Six centuries before New York enacted its sanitary code against the dangers of infection from smallpox, typhoid and cholera, civil authorities in the middle-ages had controlled the question of infectious carriers of disease in clothing, foods and drinks and personal contacts.

Anaesthesia may be traced back as far as 356, when Saint Hilary of Poitiers discussed it in a study of the psychology of sensation; and in the sixth century the Irish monks practised with "lethargion" to procure oblivions, both local and general, for wounded patients.

Dr. Walsh gives us other learned chapters on the Care of the Insane, The Church and Surgery and Modern Reform of Hospitals. "It is commonly agreed that the darkest known period in the history of nursing was that from the latter part of the seventeenth up to the middle of the nineteenth century," declare Nutting and Dock in their History of Nursing. Florence Nightingale had been preceded in her fine work of reforming the hospitals and nursing by the Irish Sisters of Charity and of Mercy, and she appealed to them for assistance and coöperation, which she always gladly acknowledged.

Dr. Walsh closes his book with a very striking paragraph which sums up the influence of the Church in the field of scientific medicine and its condemnation of superstition.

RODERICK GILL.

Digestible Deductions

Scholastic Metaphysics, by John F. McCormick, S.J. Chicago: Loyola University Press. $2.00.

THE "metaphysics of the Schools," as a learned Jesuit predecessor of Father McCormick has termed them, have usually been presented to students in a form quite unpalatable if not altogether unassimilable. Nothing could be more regrettable, since the scholastic system is fundamentally a creature of common sense. Even its hair-splitting was done, if a figure of speech be permitted in connection with such a subject, with real hairs rather than with speculative cosines and logarithms. The present book is an outline which conforms with the spirit of good American pedagogy.

It is, of course, inevitable that the scope of the volume—which is intended for the actual college class-room, and not for some hypothetical seminar of full-fledged philosophers—precludes a full discussion of other views. Occasionally this brevity is a little disappointing, as when one finds the only

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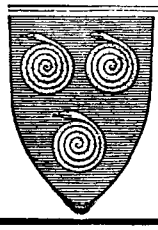
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reference to Bergson in this sentence: "The claim made by Herodotus that 'becoming' is the only reality, appears again in the philosophy of Bergson." Would it not have been better to omit Bergson entirely? The positive aspects of the book are, however, singularly commendable and effective. It is part one of a projected two-volume work, and (having discarded the classifications of Wolff) deals with being, its divisions and causes. Saint Thomas is consistently the substructure, though the standard modern digests of Scholasticism have been utilized. The Catholic teacher will find here a manual after his own heart, and others ought to welcome it as a useful summary.

GEORGE N. SHUSTER.

"A Common Greyness Silvers Everything"

Reeds and Mud, by Vicente Blasco Ibañez; translated from the Spanish by Isaac Goldberg. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

TO A steadily increasing reading public, Vicente Blasco Ibañez has come to be the interpreter of Spain, particularly in those novels glorifying the Valencia which he loved and in those books where he constitutes himself the spokesman of the working classes.

In Reeds and Mud, he does not wander far from formula. The scene of the book is laid across the lake of Albufera from Valencia, among the islands of reeds and mud, Palmar and Albufera. Here, for centuries, the peasants have made a network of the waters and earned their bread as eel-fishermen; more recently, they have become workers in the interminable rice fields, owned by absentee landlords. The author presents a situation rather than a problem; a panorama rather than a story. Tío Paloma, unbelievably old, incredibly active and fiercely independent, is an eel-fisherman, like his fathers before him. His son, Tono, however, rebels against the family traditions, scorning the lake and seeking his living in the fields.

"In September when the rice was harvested and wages were high, he abandoned his boat and became a reaper, like many another, who roused Tío Paloma's indignation. This labor of working in the mud, of scarring the fields, was all well enough for strangers, for those who dwelt far from Albufera. The children of the lake should be free of such slavery. Not for nothing had God placed them near that water, which was a blessing. In its depths was their food, and it was an absurdity, a disgrace, to work all day in mud up to your waist, your legs gnawed by leeches, and your back scorched by the sun, just to reap a few ears that weren't your own. Was his son going to become a labrador?"

Tono, however, persists. Times should be taken as they come; rice was being more and more cultivated on the shores of the lake, the old pools were being filled with earth—he was going to have his share in the new life. To the end of acquiring a settled living for himself and his wife and son, he devotes himself to becoming a landowner in a small way, to filling in an artificial soil, pailful by pailful, by ceaseless toil, with mad persistence.

Tío Paloma's hopes are centered upon his grandson, Tonet. His father, too, sees in him the promise of a better day. But Tonet is the rotted branch of a sturdy tree. He becomes a wastrel and a ne'er-do-well—too lazy to fish or to reap. His acts bring sorrow and shame to his house, until, a suicide, he is buried by his father's hands in the fields of his father's making. There, at his son's grave in the grey of daybreak, Tono tastes the bitterness of frustration.

"So many years of battling against the lake, believing that

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he was accumulating a fortune, and without knowing it, all the time preparing his son's grave! He stamped upon that earth which now contained the essence of his life. First, he had dedicated to it his sweat, his strength, his illusions: now, when he had been on the point of fertilizing it, he gave to it his own flesh and blood, his son, his successor, his hope—and this was the end of his work."

Here lies the author's thesis. Such communities are a social and economic liability. Good stock there undoubtedly is, but with no goal toward which to strive and no prospect of betterment, there is little quickening of ambition. Those who, like Tono, feel the stirring of new ideas have their children, running amuck in reeds and mud, defeat them in the end.

It is a sordid story of greed, of gluttony and of illicit love; of infanticide and suicide; of frustration and futility. But it is that only. There is no vitalizing warmth, no sharp contact between character and reader, no strength or virility in the men and women depicted. A common greyness silvers everything. Ibañez plays on muted strings. To what end? we are inclined to ask. Only if these are real people can their problems be ours, and if they are real people, why do they not know family affection, wholesome love, fierce hate or worthy desire, a little humor, and some small measure of kindliness? Must the short and simple annals of the poor be, of necessity, drab and pulseless?

MONICA D. RYAN.

Beginning of a Tradition

Bryan, the Great Commoner, by J. C. Long. New York: D. Appleton and Company. $3.50.

THE verdict of history concerning a person is not necessarily the voice of God, and the ultimate acceptance of a once scorned idea does not prove its abiding righteousness. Time, however, frequently adds to the dignity and importance of persons and events. It is not unlikely that the career of William Jennings Bryan may profit in this way by the application of a truer historical perspective. "The right wins in the end," he once wrote to Champ Clark, "don't be afraid to wait." If Providence permits the great commoner to survey mundane affairs from the watch towers of the heaven toward which he so valiantly directed his steps, he will feel that, in his case, waiting has not been without its reward.

Bryan could be, and at times was, impractical, narrow, stubborn, illogical, even grotesque. But he was sincere, and many of the policies for which he fought have been adopted by the American people, while others may triumph in the future. His impassioned espousal of the cause of bimetallism first brought him before the nation. The opening of gold mines in the Klondike and the Transvaal, by cheapening money and aiding the debtor class, achieved the end he had in view. His early advocacy of an income tax stamped him a "dangerous" radical; as Secretary of State he had the satisfaction of proclaiming it a part of our fundamental law. "Civilization," he once declared, "has nothing to fear from the new woman, who aspires to an intimate acquaintance with the things which deeply concern society," and he did not predict dire consequences for the race if the suffrage were extended to women. Subsequent events have justified his calm attitude on that point. Among the reforms for which the peerless leader worked with success were the popular election of United States senators, the publication of campaign expenditures, safer and fairer banking laws and government supervision of railroads. He believed that humanity would thrive better on grape juice than on gin. In spite

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of the furore over prohibition, there is not a single leader in American political life today who would dare to advocate openly the return of the licensed saloon.

Bryan's points of contact with foreign affairs were not without significance. American history tells the tale of a course of empire which has wound not only westward, but in other directions as well. Those of us who are a bit ashamed of some of our imperialistic enterprises are glad to recall that Bryan opposed the cant and jingoism of the nineties. His inconsistent attitude toward our interference in Nicaragua can only be deplored. The United States Senate ratified Bryan treaties with thirty nations, Belgium, Germany, Austria-Hungary and Japan alone of the important powers not participating. The purpose of these was to give a year's time to nations to discuss questions in dispute before resorting to arms. These treaties may have no historical significance; they may, indeed, be but the ephemeral fruit of Tolstoy's influence on Bryan. But may they not as truly be regarded as a link in the chain of events leading to the multilateral treaty for peace sponsored by Mr. Kellogg? It is too early to appraise correctly the merits of the dispute which led to Bryan's resignation from the Wilson Cabinet. The archives of only four of the warring nations have been thrown open to scholars, those of Great Britain and the United States not being among the number.

Mr. Long's biography of the great commoner is as well written as it is informing. Though frankly in sympathy with his subject, the author has refrained from giving us an uncritical eulogy. The picture he paints of the Bryan caught in the post-war hysteria is not without its humorous touches. In addition, the book will make timely reading for this presidential year. There is, for example, a chapter entitled, The Commoner and Al Smith, headed by an appropriate line from Wordsworth: "Like—but oh how different." This section reads like a good story—but the reviewer will not reveal the plot.

GEORGIANA PUTNAM MCENTEE.

American Origins

The New England Clergy and the American Revolution, by Alice M. Baldwin. Durham: Duke University Press.

DUKE University is turning out a valuable and interesting sequence of historical studies. They come at a time more important than ever heretofore in the development of the experiment of America; they are called forth by the challenge of this generation and the phase of our national development through which we are passing wherein new citizens, who have contributed some good and some evil to our growth, are asserting their complete majority and questioning both the good and the evil contributed to the whole by our older citizenry.

New men who were not here in the beginnings, who are not racial descendants of those who bore the major part of the burden of those beginnings, bring new interpretations today of what then happened and why it happened. Those whose blood ancestors and political forbears set up the institutions under which we live and built the machinery for their operations, who have accepted that work without any general questioning as wholly satisfactory to themselves in our own day, are resentful of such questioning. "The house divided against itself" of Lincoln went further and deeper than the clash of two economic and social systems; only one of its several basic causes of discord was eliminated by the Civil War. The possibility of such discords is inherent in the very purpose of America, if those who founded America had a purpose beyond the purely selfish one of a closed haven for themselves from which all

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others were to be forever excluded. There has been that concept of America continuously present in the minds of not inconsiderable groups of Americans since our national beginnings, but that is certainly not the purpose of our Declaration and our constitution.

That Calvinistic theology and church polity should have contributed greatly to both concepts is obvious, though the latter is stressed in Dr. Baldwin's book. That which is not so obvious, but fits intimately with her thesis, is the similarity of the Calvinistic concept with that of Vittoria, Bellarmine and Suarez at so surprisingly large a number of essential points. If there was a conscious broad purpose in the setting-up of America, it was the salvaging and reconstitution of western European civilization, broken and wrecked and degraded by internecine racial, dynastic, national and religious warfare and hatreds. Physically and materially our experiment has been successful, for those broken national groups from Europe are today healthy and vigorous in their American renaissance. Spiritually, one may question the success, for at many points some still retain their European nationalistic and other prejudices and hostilities. During the growth in group isolation of this renaissance, most of these rancors were held in check by material considerations. Today, in our general prosperity, they are surging to the front.

Dr. Baldwin's conclusion in chapter XII studies soberly a phase of our earliest national history which is too lightly waved aside by others not of the particular group concerned.

It is an undeniable fact that many Americans of the colonial —revolutionary—period, thought of their convictions, religious and political, as a development of the rights and liberties of Englishmen. It could not well have been otherwise, yet that undeniable fact is denied today and its assertion is interpreted quite widely by Americans who are not of the same racial stock, and who therefore have no interest in the "rights and liberties of Englishmen," as some suspect and dangerous "pro-British propaganda" of the present day. Dr. Baldwin's clergy and their people thought of themselves corporately as "New" England—not as an outer fringe of England, for they were determined to break with an England gone wrong; individually they thought of themselves as Americans, as the founders of a new civilization willing to extend its advantages to all who could see those advantages as they saw them. There enters the conflict which is apparent today, and its reasons are quite evident in Dr. Baldwin's study.

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS.

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